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BETHLEHEM'S FIRST CHRISTMAS EVE.

As the silver tinge of the Christmas moon
Illumined the vast, expansive sky,
As the starry lights of the galaxy
In brightness and beauty grew more intense,—
Like so many festival lamps
On the welkin altar of God,—
Two weary Saints on the Bethlehem plain
United in joy with the Angels' strain,
And knelt to adore their new-born Lord.

One was the Mother all pure and fair,
The other was Joseph, the Man of pray'r;
And both were fulfilling God's grand design,
At the birth of the Infant Lord Divine.

And the scene of this myst'ry on Christmas eve
Was a wretched stall near the sleeping town,
In the land of David, the king.

But a candle of beauty mirac'lously burned
O'er the crib of the Heavenly Babe;
And the Angel-choirs in their Christmas lays
Sound the anthems of peace and praise.

J. B. FITZPATRICK, '96.

A CHRISTMAS GIFT.

I.

It was a week before Christmas. The wind was driving the feathery flakes flying into the face of the morning sun. The merry jingle of the sleigh-bells mingled with the rippling laughter of the youthful riders as Marion Wilkes drudged to the house of Father Faring. Scarcely had he rung the door-bell when the kind face of the priest appeared in the door-way and with a hearty "Good Morning!" he greeted Marion. "Well, well, Marion! this is ideal Christmas weather, isn't it? Here, take a seat near the fire-place. Now, then, I can read in your face that you have something to tell me. But warm yourself first."

"Yes, Father, I have something to tell you. You know that since the Richards have moved to Donald, and Will is no longer in the choir, we need a new man very much. I hardly know what we can do this Christmas. I fear our old glory is in danger."

"That's so," answered Father Faring thoughtfully. "We always did have a good choir. Even the bishop when confirming here was enthusiastic in his praises of our singing. But what is to be done? You know of no good voice whatever in all St. Catharine's parish?"

"None, Father, none."

"Well, well, Marion, I'll think on it till to-night. Meanwhile you, too, must think of some way out."

“Father, even now I have a plan, whether practical, I do not know. You know Toby Shields, do you not?”

“Why, I have heard of him. Old Mr. Shields came to me before he left for St. Paul’s and asked me concerning the place. That has been five years ago, I believe.”

“Yes, Father. He was graduated with our class. He’s an excellent singer. He often sang at our entertainments at old St. Paul’s. When I sometimes pass the Shields I hear him singing a ‘Tantum Ergo’ or ‘Adeste Fideles.’ ”

“It makes one smile to hear a Jew sing such songs.”

“Now, Father,” pursued Marion, “I know Toby would be ever so willing to sing, merely for giving me pleasure. I have come to learn your opinion about it.”

“That’s something new, Marion,” responded Father Faring. “I suppose you know that it is contrary to the spirit of the Church to employ any but Catholic singers; but our predicament will be a palliating feature.” He was silent for a time. “So I think,” he said at last, “you may see what you can do. I am sorry that it is so, but ‘what can’t be cured must be endured.’ Do your best and God bless you.”

“I shall, Father,” and once more Marion was in the open air, and he was going to the Shields’ home.

II.

On the day on which the story begins Toby Shields was alone at his home. Toby was the son of

the banker Shields. His mother had died some years ago. Through the influence of the parents of Marion Wilkes, who were the neighbors of the Shields, he had attended a Catholic college for five years, during which time he had learned to love the kind voices of the good priests in their words of encouragement. During the few months that had slipped by since his departure from his alma mater, he had often longed for the days that were no more. Pleasant missives from his former comrades kept fresh the memories of those days.

Such were the thoughts that flitted through his mind when suddenly the sound of the door-bell was heard in the hall, and Toby hurried to the door hoping it might be a friend seeking admittance.

"Why, Marion," exclaimed he, as he opened the door, "what luck. I was just wishing for one like yourself to come, for it is lonesome today."

Pleasantly the moments fled as they chatted away quietly, finally Marion spoke of his mission.

"Why, old boy," mused Toby, "that comes rather sudden. I don't know. I would not refuse, you know that, but then there's Doctor Layton. I fear, he will not allow it; for it is only five months since I had hemorrhage of the lungs, and—"

"Now, Toby, if that's all, you'll sing, I think. Would you care if I would ask Doctor Layton?"

"If he says 'yes,' I'll sing."

"Thank you, Toby, that's all I wanted."

In an hour he returned and was telling of his success.

"The doctor said that there was little to be

feared; and by the way, I met Mr. Shields, and he promised me to come to early mass to hear how his Toby could sing.—Now, Toby, don't blush, I didn't mean to flatter you.—We shall have practice three times. I shall attend every time. Now good-by," with that he was gone, leaving Toby marvel how a sunbeam so small could impart such warmth to a dull cold world as our own.

III.

Christmas morn had arrived. Without it was bitter cold. The elfy moon-beams danced upon the thousand-jeweled bridal dress Nature had donned. It was the hour of five when the clear-throated chimes of St. Catharine's rang forth the glad tidings of our Savior's birth. Like the pious shepherds on the first holy Christmas morn, the faithful hastened to adorn the new-born king.

Within the Church a hush had fallen, broken only by the sobs of some aged mother, some old father, who inly prayed, as they gazed with tearful, longing eyes at the infant within the crib, that next Christmas they might be with the angels in Heaven.

Obedient to the master's touch the old organ burst forth as never before; from bass to treble, from treble to bass its pipes welled a melody of joy. Long rows of acolytes, side by side, marched forth, followed by Father Faring.

The sacrifice began. "Kyrie" and "Gloria" have died away, and now they are singing the "Credo." Toby was *facile princeps* of the singers. Never had Toby sung so well before. Mr. Shields, who sat in his pew was silent, but a

smile of delight lit up his face. Had he not reason to rejoice, since Toby was his son? Yes, it was old Simeon's son that sang so well. At last the faithful bowed in adoration. Father Faring knelt before the altar; the choir hushed, and as the last sweet notes flashed forth, Toby Shields sang: "Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine, et homo factus est." Scarcely had the last echo died away, when they saw Toby, reel and fall with a thud upon the floor and the crimson blood oozed from the pale lips as he gasped for breath. The unexpected had happened, his old malady hemorrhage of the lungs, had broken out afresh—he was dying. As if by instinct old Simeon had guessed the truth and in an instant was by his side. Marion, too, knelt by his dying friend, who only whispered: "Baptism, Marion, I die. Good by,—Father,—Marion,—too." The old Jew took the head of his dying son and hot tears welled in his eyes.

A moment later the waters of regeneration were poured over the brow of Toby; and as the choir sang the old but ever new hymn of "Adeste Fideles," Toby Shields' soul went to sing the praises of the new-born king in a fairer, better land.

Toby Shields had mused on the probable truth of the words "Et incarnatus est" whenever he heard them sung and now on Christmas morn when he sang them himself, their import flashed upon him in the light of God's grace. He saw the lively faith of the worshipers in their radiant looks and his heart was deeply and strangely moved—when he sang the Gloria as was noticeable in

the joyous quiver of his voice. The words "Et incarnatus est" came from his lips a heartfelt declaration of faith. The grace of the Child Jesus had been given him at the right moment and the reward for his pure and noble life immediately followed.

Softly and gently they carried him to the house of Shields. During all this time the Father had uttered no word, no sound, But the agony he endured was rending the old man's heart. At last, as if his very soul were in the words he uttered, he gave way to lamentations: Toby, my boy, thou art not gone! Oh, let those lips which prattled once so lightly speak once more to your old father as they did oft before. O Toby, thou wilt not leave me dwell in my sorrow—alone!" And he sank beside the lifeless form of his son. His fingers clutched, his lips were as pale as a leper's, and his eyes were as glassy as Death's.

It was a cold, cold day when they lowered Toby not to awake till Judgment Day. The cruel December snow fell thick and fast as they left him there alone. Simeon Shields was the last to leave.

That evening they left him alone with his sorrow, with his deep and doleful sorrow. Fast were the shadows growing into darkness in the richly furnished room. The old clock ticked as if telling a sorrowful tale. The witch-like lights from the dying embers flitted across the carpet as though mocking him in his sorrow or tempting him into gladness. The old Jew's head was bowed and his mind was far away. He was thinking, thinking

of the days that were no more; of the days when all was bright and fair, of his kind old father, his mother gone so long ago. A smile which before had feared to come now stole across his rigid features. But again his face was sad. He thought of Toby's mother and the day he buried her. Ah! that was a sorrow, indeed; but he was young then. But alas! now he was an old man and alone, and in the bitterness of his sorrow he exclaimed: "God of Israel, help me, or—" But lo! what wondrous light is that which filled the darkened room? Oh ecstasy! there, surrounded by angelic forms, Bethlehem's Babe appears. And oh! amid that glorious band stands Toby, and his face is glad. With throbbing joy, Simeon outstretched his hand to clasp his boy, but the form drew back and only said: "Follow me," and vanished. Again was the Jew's head bowed. But different were his thoughts from those he had thought before. "Follow me," said the clock with solemn tick; "Follow me," said the lights as they danced on the carpet floor; "Follow me," murmured the Jew; "Follow me," shrieked he. "God of hosts! help Thou me on, and I will follow him."

The snows of many winters have fallen o'er the mound of him who swan-like sang his song and died. Oft have the roses bloomed fresh and fair over our Toby Shields' grave. Oft, too, on a summer's evening Simeon kneels over the self-same graves, and he hears the bells of St. Catharine's bidding all the faithful to pray, and he wonders yet how long it will be ere they will sound his funeral knell,—ere he shall have followed his son Toby.

FELIX T. SEROCZYNSKI, '99.

SHAKESPEARE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED BY THE REV. H. MEISSNER OF PERU,
IND., BEFORE THE FACULTY AND STUDENTS ON
THANKSGIVING DAY.

THE tree is known by its fruits, man by his works. It is the works of Shakespeare to which, this evening, I have the pleasure of calling your attention. With the exception of the Holy Scriptures, perhaps no other books have been printed, read, translated, received so much comment, quoted or recited more than the works of Shakespeare. Whole libraries have been written in their explanation. Men of the highest talents have devoted weeks and years, to make out the true original or to unfold the beauties of these works. And why? Because Shakespeare's creations are inspirations of the loftiest genius, are divine beauties incarnate, that is, embodied in human language; and these beauties are of so sublime a character and appear under such a quantity of various forms, that it would require innumerable tongues to say enough in their praise. Let us pass to the field of these works. It is art. What is art?

Art is the representation of the true, the beautiful, and the good by perceptible means. According to the variety of perceptible means art is classified or divided into painting, sculpture, architecture, dancing, stage-acting, music, poetry. Shakespeare represents to us the true, the beautiful, and the good, not by brush and color as the painter, or

by chisel and marble or stone as the sculptor and architect, or by bodily motion and gestures as the dancer and player, or by the vocal or instrumental sounds of music as the musician, but by the noblest of sensible things, the human voice. It is the art of poetry.

Poetry is either epic, lyric or dramatic. It is epic when chiefly based on the intellect, describing what at present falls under our observation or reproducing what once happened in the past. Its models among the Ancients are Homer and Virgil; among the Moderns, Dante and Milton. It is lyric when based on feeling, representing the sentiments or emotions of the heart. Its models among the Ancients are Pindar and Horace; among the Moderns, Scott and Byron of England, Petrarch and Ariosto of Italy, Goethe, Schiller, Uhland of Germany. It is dramatic when based on the will, representing actions. The will rests on the two other faculties, intellect and feeling. We as rational beings aim at what in our estimation seems to be good or profitable, and we shun what appears to us as bad or dangerous. We cannot do the contrary. But then we may be indifferent to what appears good or bad, and here comes to our aid the feeling of our heart either to do good or to avoid the evil. Without any such feelings our will might be left undetermined. Thus you see, our will works by the two levers, intellect and feeling; and therefore dramatic poetry which represents the actions of the will, be they exterior or interior, *rests* on or rather is the *completion* of both epos and lyric.

We can judge of outward acts perfectly only when we know the connection in which they stand to such other facts as became their cause or gave them the impulse; and therefore the dramatist must have certain, if not all, the qualities of the epic poet.

To judge of outward actions perfectly, we must further know the motives of the sentiments with which they were performed, and these sentiments have to be represented to us just as they are found in the human heart. Therefore the dramatist must have lyric in addition to epic talents. The drama must have epic and lyric elements, but outside of the drama these latter two forms of poetry may be given perfectly independent of each other, though this is not needed or always found.

I said, the drama is the completion of both the epic and the lyric, because the drama represents to us the facts on which our intellect works and the emotions of feeling not simply as such, but it represents them to us acting and acted upon, it gives us human life, not only in its state, but more in its actions.

For this reason the drama is the completest form of poetry and the necessary basis and groundwork of art called histrionic or theatrical, which art has to be the object of knowledge, if not the very property of the dramatic poet himself.

This best and completest form of poetry is the *chief* arena in which Shakespeare wrought the miracles of his genius. I say the *chief*, because Shakespeare is also known as a lyric poet, having written

no fewer than one hundred and fifty-four most beautiful sonnets. But in lyric poetry perhaps he was equaled by others, whilst in the drama he stands still unsurpassed; nay, I venture to say, that all dramatists both of ancient times, as Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and of modern times, as Schiller, Goethe, Calderon and others,—these all taken together, do not make up one Shakespeare.

One reason in proof of this my assertion you will find in the fact that, whereas the other poets have excelled in this or that branch of the dramatic art, Shakespeare alone has with masterly skill marched through all the sections of the dramatic field, in every one of them winning for himself the first prize, in every one of them being upheld as a model to be imitated indeed, but in all probability never to be equaled, certainly not to be surpassed.

But what are these sections?

The actions of man may be of such a character, that for intrinsic reasons, or for surrounding circumstances, or on account of both they, come in conflict with certain eternal ethic principles permanently established in the order of this world. As these principles are eternal and imperishable, the result in this conflict will prove fatal to the purpose for which the actions were performed, and consequently to the actor himself. The dramatic representation of such a conflict and its termination, is called tragedy.

On the other hand, man's actions may come in conflict with the actions of others without the assault of such changeless principles, but merely on account of some supposed or exaggerated ob-

stacles; the conflict goes on until the errors caused by erroneous suppositions are discovered; the obstacles are removed, and the end for which the actions were undertaken is obtained and the actor is successful. This sort of dramatic representation is called a comedy. These are the two principal forms of drama, and most of Shakespeare's plays fall under one or the other of these forms.

There may be mixtures of both, as for instance the tragi-comedies; but these mixed plays generally deviate from the unity and harmony in which the various elements of the drama should come forth, and they can attain the degree of model dramas only under one condition, the very one for which our author has written several of them, namely, to represent the history of a nation, or a period of her history. National history furnishes a sufficient number of tragical events, but these events are not always closely connected. If you traverse any period of history and will have it dramatically represented, you are sure to meet with tragi-comic or comic-tragical events, except you make history a falsehood, and this done, the piece will have lost its value as a national drama.

Let it be said to the glory of immortal Shakespeare, that for a long time he has been the only one that wrote such national dramas. Yes, the English nation may justly be proud to have some three hundred years of her history, to have the ideas that moved and permeated the whole nation during that period, to have the modes of living and the customs of those times represented on the stage in ten dramas. X

Of these ten, seven are tragi-comic: Henry IV. in two parts, Henry V., Henry VI. in three parts, and Henry VIII. The events occurring under the reign of John II., Richard II., and Richard III. were of so tragical a character, as to furnish to our author sufficient material for his three creations known under the names which I have just given.

Besides these three, we meet with eleven more tragedies, of which six are taken from various parts of history, but are not considered as national dramas. Three: Coriolanus, Julius Caesar, and Antonius and Cleopatra are taken from Roman; two: Timon, Troilus and Cressida are taken from Greek history; and one, from the history or rather mythology of ancient Britany: Cymbeline.

The five others, and perhaps the best, Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Romeo and Juliet are pure creations of Shakespeare's productive mind, though occasioned by some fables existing in his time.

There are fourteen comedies, of which The Comedy of Errors, Measure for Measure, The Merchant of Venice, The Taming of the Shrew are considered the best.

Fourteen comedies, fourteen tragedies and seven tragi-comic national dramas give us the number thirty-five. There exist fifteen other pieces under the name of "doubtful plays", which some critics ascribe to Shakespeare; others deny his authorship of them. On account of their doubtful authenticity, I shall make no further mention of them. Nor shall I attempt to analyze those thirty-five pieces, of which Shakespeare really is

the author. I only revert to the starting point which was to show that Shakespeare's dramas are most beautiful pieces of art, are model dramas; and for this purpose let me apply to them the requisites of art and especially of dramatic art.

Dramatic art is based, as we have seen, on the three faculties; intellect, feeling, and will. The intellect has for its object, truth; feeling, beauty; will, the good; hence, every piece of art, but more so dramatic art, requires the true, the beautiful, and the good. We have now to speak about the truth, beauty and morality of Shakespeare's dramas.

The drama *reproduces* past ages and their events and must therefore represent them to us as they really were, so that we may obtain a true picture of them; or if they be borrowed from the realms of fable, these fabulous events must be probable, at least, to our imagination. All personal tendencies must be avoided. We allow every one to have his own religious, political, and scientific views of the past;—for them he is responsible to God and and himself alone—but to make history serve his own views, and such views as are entirely contradicted by his fellow-men, to give the makings of his own mind out for history: this we cannot endure.

Shakespeare is free in all his pieces from every personal tendency; we never see himself or his life or his personal ideas in his plays. From his work we cannot draw any fixed conclusion respecting his political, religious, or scientific views; and the very reason why men of all classes, of all religious and political creeds love him is this: that he never

offends one of them. Shakespeare is the most objective and impartial, and therefore, the best poet as far as the love of truth is concerned. He gives us historical facts as he knew and could know them.

It is true that in the reproduction of English history of three hundred years he omits some important facts, as the Magna Charta; but then when writing his dramas his intention was not to give us a complete history of all the events of that time, but rather the spirit of those ages on a broad and perfect picture; and that he has carried out his intentions admirably well, is acknowledged by all.

It is true again that his works are full of slight anachronisms, but they are rather calculated to bring past ages nearer home to us, to show what circumstances would accompany such events already past, if they had to occur nowadays.

When furthermore people in bygone times superstitiously believed in witches and frequent appearances of ghosts, we find it but natural that Shakespeare should represent past ages with such appearances; but mark well, no one ever has given us a better key to those superstitions, no better natural reasons for the people's belief in them than Shakespeare. When man's mind is struck by overwhelming grief or excitement, it is natural, that his imagination should place the object of his excitement right before him; and when his fancy is very lively it may even embody the ideas of the mind in the creation of frightful appearances. Thus even the ghost in Hamlet, though for a grave dramatical reason, which is to prepare us for the situation of the piece, appears as a reality—the

disinterested soldiers even see him,—yet this ghost even appearing as a reality, does speak to none of the soldiers, but only to the one whose mind was by disturbing grief already prepared for its appearance and who, before knowing anything at all, of the ghost could say to Horatio:

“My father, methinks, I see my father.”

Hor. “Where my lord?”

Ham. “In my mind’s eye, Horatio.”

It is plain enough that one who speaks thus can believe to see his father’s spirit during another well-known scene of excitement, that of the queen’s chamber. (Act III., Scene 4.) There the appearance seems to have been nothing but Hamlet’s sick imagination, because the queen sees no ghost at all. Hamlet has poured such a torrent of reproachful words upon her about her husband that she exclaims:

Queen. “O speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in my ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!”

Ham. “A murderer and a villain!
A slave that’s not the twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord:—a vice of kings,
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole
And put it in his pocket!”

Queen. “No more!”

Ham. “A king of shreds and patches.—
Save me, and hover o’er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards—
What would your gracious figure?”

Queen. “Alas! he’s mad.”

Ham. “Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That laps’d in time and passion lets go by

The important acting of your dread command?
O say!"

Ghost. "Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O, step between her and her fighting soul.
Speak to her, Hamlet."

Ham. "How is it with you, lady?"

Queen. "Alas! how is't with you?
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with the incorporal air do hold discourse
Whereon do you look?"

Ham. "On him! On him! look you. how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoin'd preaching to stones
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects; then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood."

Queen. "To whom do you speak this?"

Ham. "Do you see nothing there?"

Queen. "Nothing at all; yet all that is, I see."

Ham. "Nor did you nothing hear?"

Queen. "No, nothing but ourselves."

Ham. "Why, look there! look how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he lived!
Look; where he goes, even now, out of the portal!"

Queen. "This is the very coinage of your brain
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in."—

Such a bodiless creation was the appearance which Brutus saw in Julius Caesar, his mind being overburdened with work. Such an embodiment is the ghost of Banquo in Macbeth. The same is seen by no one but Macbeth; it comes; gazes upon him, vanishes—that is, there is no ghost, but a mere delusion produced by feverish and unnatural excitement.

From the exterior truth, or the harmony between the dramatic acts and the real facts, I proceed to the interior truth in which lies a) in the natural construction of the drama, and b) in the correct portraying of characters.

In the drama, as I have stated, the actions of man come in conflict with a certain idea, which either exists as real, being a fixed principle established by Divine Providence, or is only imaginary, on account of supposed or exaggerated obstacles. There are three important moments in a drama: 1) the opening of the conflict between the actions and the idea; 2) the crisis or the highest point of the conflict; 3) the solution of the conflict. Hence the natural division of the drama into three acts, in which almost all ancient plays were written.

Suppose the actions and the obstacles, where-with they meet, were of such a number that their continuous representation would weary the audience, then two acts will be inserted; one between the first and the middle, the other, between the middle and the last. Then the first act forms the introduction to the play: we are made acquainted with the source and subject of the conflict; in the second, the conflict is gradually developed; in the third, it is brought to its height; in the fourth, the way is opened for its solution; in the fifth, the solution itself is represented to us. More than five acts, say seven or nine, would be too long and tedious for the spectator; two, four, or six, as a rule, are unnatural. All the thirty-five plays of Shakespeare have five acts each.

His construction of the drama appears always

natural, its development gradual; it never occurs that actions are piled up in one act and the following filled up with empty phrases. There are no empty sentences to be found in Shakespeare. There is neither over-haste nor sleepiness; the whole exposition, the whole course the drama is based upon natural truth. Facts do not come unprepared, but follow each other in connection, just as in human life. One crime begets another, a man following his passions once will fall deeper and deeper. Thus Macbeth full of ambition at first hesitates whether to kill Duncan, but is driven to it by his wife; having committed one murder he quickly wants and commits another and again another with greater facility, until finally he is a complete tyrant, void of all better feeling. At the news of his wife's death, he says: "She should have died hereafter."

Shakespeare's characters are the characters of men as they really do exist. They have all the vices and virtues found among men, and these virtues and vices grow stronger as they do in actual reality. The actions are in keeping with the character. There is never found any contradiction in Shakespeare's characters, except such contradiction be the character of a man himself; viz., in Hamlet. But even there we see the hero of the piece in his wavering, undecisive state of mind from the first to the last. Othello gives way to suspicion, his suspicion grows before our eyes, till it ends in hatred and the murder of Desdemona, his wife.

Shakespeare's heroes are no supernatural beings; his amiable characters no angels: Desde-

mona is too childlike to be a heavenly spirit; his terrible creations no devils: Lady Macbeth with all her refined cruelty still possesses the natural good quality of conjugal affection, which makes her too human to be taken for a demon. Shakespeare's characters are men, men with all the weaknesses and wants of men: thus Coriolanus, who after the conquest of Corioli received the applause of the army and more than that, the very name Coriolanus, when called upon to give the name of the man he wanted mercy for, feels his corporal weakness after so hard a fight, his memory fails him and he says;

“By Jupiter, forgot!—
I am weary; yea, my memory is tir'd,—
Have we no wine here?”

(Coriolanus, Act I., Scene 9.)

Shakespeare identifies himself with all sorts of characters, and there is none among them that appears to be unnatural. Nor are his characters of one and the same cast, but, as is the case among men on earth, so among Shakespeare's men on the stage, there is the greatest variety of characters. Hence, the beauty of Shakspeare's plays, a quality of which we have now to speak.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

AN APOSTROPHE TO A WAVE.

Oh being in thy dissolution known,
Most lovely then;
Oh life! that ever has to die alone
To live again.
Thou broken heart that still must bow and break
To touch thine end;
Thou broken purpose that must failure take
And deathward bend,
For the great tide to stretch from rock to rock
His shining way.
O wandering will that from the farthest shock
Of sea-deep gray,
Silver constraint of sacred light on high
Leads safe to shore.
O living rapture that dost inly sigh
And evermore
Within thy joy the wailful voices keep:
I see thee now
O son of the unfathomable deep!
And trembling know
The crooked shadow of man's opposites.
The forces dread
That sway thee into being, blanched with lights
Of thunder bred.
Oh poised passion wrought from central breath
Of whirling storms,
And evermore a deathless life in death,
That still reforms.

O, thou man's prototype of varying moods
Dost lonely beat
The vacant shores and speechless solitudes
With silver feet.
Through the great aeons wandering forlorn
On, on, you swim,
And rise, and fall, like vacant flames, from morn
Till evening dim.
Ere mankind thy Creator learned to love,
Before he knew
His God to worship then didst thou already move
Beneath the blue
An incommunicable mystery
About the shore;
A visible yearning of the earth and sea
That evermore
Flung out white arms to catch at some far good
Yet unfulfilled,
And failing sobbed and sank in solitude
With heart unstilled;
A voice that ever crying as of old
In deserts dumb
With hollow tongue reverberate foretold
A life to come.

I. F. ZIRCHER, '97.

DIOCLETIAN.

In the number of its heroes, as well as in the dignity of their exploits, no epoch in the world's history equals the first three centuries of the Christian era. It is therefore not surprising that historians, essayists, novelists, dramatists, poets, and painters of every age have exerted their grandest efforts to extol the true heroism of the Christian martyrs, those prime blossoms of the tree that was planted on Calvary. With equal eagerness they have contrasted with these the Roman emperors, who in demoniacal fury tried to uproot or at least mutilate the budding tree.

Despite these facts, there are very many Christians, even Catholics, whose ideas on this subject are rather unclear and confused. The masses of the people, on picturing to themselves, the persecutions, think of ten nicely defined periods of horror and bloodshed, each corresponding exactly to the reign of the emperor, by whose name it is called. Those ten notorious emperors are so many demons clothed in human flesh. They, and they only, are held responsible for every drop of Christian blood that moistened the sands of the arena. The last persecution being the severest of them all, Diocletian is regarded the butcher of those millions of innocents and, consequently, as the basest villain that ever walked the earth:

Such impressions are not altogether correct.

It is not our purpose to exculpate the cruel Roman emperor; the atrocities committed in his name would loudly condemn such an attempt. Much may, however, be said to mollify the accusations charged to his character and disposition.

Diocletian was a person of low extract and obscure birth. He never attained the high degree of culture and social refinement, of which some of his predecessors could boast. Possessed of a martial spirit and prompted by the buoyancy of youth, Diocletian chose the life of the camp and as a common soldier stepped into the ranks of the Roman army. By his courage and promptitude in little things, he merited one promotion after another, until in 234 at the assassination of Numerian and Carinus, Diocletian was by unanimous consent of the army considered their worthiest successor.

Having donned the royal purple, he proclaimed an amnesty and showed his gratitude toward his friend Maximian by creating him co-regent of his vast empire. In order to enable himself more thoroughly to fulfill his imperial duties, he elected Galerius his vice-gerent. Maximian followed his example, but made a much better choice in the person of the mild Constantius Chlorus.

Diocletian reigned nineteen years before he sullied his glory by any glaring act of imprudence or cruelty. He was a diligent, active man; a bold, resolute soldier; a prudent, religious emperor. Many of his laws, for example the one concerning matrimony which was promulgated in 295, bear quite a religious character. Far from making him cruel

by nature, the ablest Catholic historians accord to him a moderate disposition. Also Catholic novelists have represented him as less strikingly cruel than his fellow-emperors. Wiseman in his "Fabiola" while describing Maximian as a "monstrum, horribile dictu," takes little or no notice of Diocletian, though, of course, he had little occasion to do so. He did not rescind the edicts that former emperors had enacted against the Christian, but he showed a tolerant spirit toward them. Eutychian, a blood-relation of his occupied the papal see. Prisca, his wife, and Valeria, his daughter, were Christians and for a long time he permitted the free exercise of their religious duties. Christians held offices of trust and emolument. Clergymen were honored. The only thing asked of the Christians was to respect the religion of the state. By such civil virtues Diocletian conciliated for himself the good will and respect of his subjects, both heathen and Christian. An eminent Catholic historian exclaims: "How great would Diocletian stand in history had he died in 302."

But Diocletian had committed a grave blunder by investing that barbarian soldier Galerian with power. This diabolical villain, who had imbibed from his wretched mother's breast a raving hatred for anything so noble as Christianity, became the mainspring of that most terrible of persecutions. He had been stimulating and goading the emperor from the very beginning of his reign. For nineteen years Diocletian withstood these temptations both from motives of policy and humanity. He listened to the voice of conscience and gratitude.

At last, Galerius, after example of Nero, succeeded by a base calumny to enrage the emperor against his Christian subjects. Urged on by that monster of wickedness, Diocletian issued his cruel edicts in the year 303 A. D. Maximian and Galerius enforced them with the utmost rigor; nay, they even anticipated every order of the emperor. Galerius even persecuted in the provinces of Diocletian, while this emperor was as yet reluctant to take cruel measures. The humane Constantius Chlorus always considered those edicts as dead letters, and Diocletian never forced him to regard them otherwise.

Seeing that Christian virtue and courage could not be drowned in torrents of Christian blood, Diocletian after two years gave a milder, or more properly speaking, a less cruel tenor to his edicts. It is well known that the persecution continued for several years with unabated fierceness; but this is mainly due to Galerius. The faults of Diocletian, besides the vice of avarice, were mainly weakness of purpose and an unpardonable cowardice toward those in power, rather than inborn cruelty.

Vexed in conscience and disgusted at his own cruelties, Diocletian laid down sceptre and crown in the year 305. In the cultivation of a little garden in a rural district of his native Dalmatia, he sought peace and enjoyment unknown to the monarch.

History would record a cruel tenth persecution, even if no Diocletian had existed. Fifty per cent of the Christian blood then spilt, must be

charged to the infernal Maximian and Galerius, the real authors of every edict published by Diocletian; a great part of the remainder to the impious hierarchy of bigoted counselors, avaricious governors, inhuman judges, and atrocious executioners.

DIDACUS A. BRACKMANN, '98.

LOVE DIVINE.

Amid a tanglement of sobbing reeds
And broken trees, sometimes uplifted high
In brother pride—there, where ghostly sigh
Of some lost soul, on which the raven feeds,
Mourns o'er the blasted heath and slimy weeds—
Rotted a stagnant pool of blackest dye.
One star from out the myriads in the inlaid sky
Shone brightly there, nor thought of juster meeds.

Although the founts of grace in our hearts' shrine
Be fetid turned and stricken with a blight
Of sin; be great the wreck, as it well may,
Of noble things, one star will ever shine:
The star of God's great love with lucent light
Will lave the sinner's sorrowed heart away.

T. P. TRAVERS, '99.

A YOUTH'S HISTORY.

A sprightly little lad of manners gay
One sunny afternoon with joyous mien
On visiting the fields and forests green
To view fair Nature's works performed in May,
Espied—the fruit of June's actinic ray—
A budding rose, the very first one seen.
He plucks the rose: the flowers' gentle queen
In blooming youth is destined to decay.

O tender youth, you act with hope and pride
Of life's dramatic scenes the first, the best:
O youthful maiden, hopeful, gentle, blithe,
As yet a guileless virgin, blooming bride:
Beware! grim death the budding rose may wrest,
May cut its slender stem with aimless scythe.

D. A. B., '98.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Every one knows something about Benjamin Franklin. I suppose there is not a state in the Union in which there is not a Franklin County, a post office called Franklin, or at least a Franklin Township, all named in his honor. Besides hearing his name so often, you have seen his picture frequently. It adorns every one cent postage stamp and fifty dollar note (Greenback) issued by our government. He was one of the greatest men of an age replete with great men. Washington, Jefferson, Adams, and Hamilton were some of his contemporaries. We should not forget these men that lived and toiled a hundred years ago in laying the foundations of this great free Republic.

None of the heroes of the Revolutionary time, not even George Washington himself, did more to secure our independence and establish our present form of government than Benjamin Franklin. Notwithstanding all his greatness, he is not, as it were, on a pedestal, among the common people. Nay, he is one of the people. Whether as an apprentice learning the printer's trade, a young man endeavoring to establish himself in business, a successful and respected citizen taking part in making the laws of Pennsylvania or the honored representative of his country at the grandest courts of Europe, sought after and flattered by the noble and learned of the Old World, he is still the same Ben. Franklin, the typical American.

In his Autobiography he gives us the story of his life till his fifty-second year, and tells it so well that I shall let him speak for himself as far as such can be done within the limits of a short sketch. He says, "I was put to grammar school at eight years of age; my father intending to devote me, as the tythe of his sons, to the service of the church. My early readiness in learning to read, which must have been very early, as I do not know when I could not read, and the opinion of my friends, that I should certainly make a good scholar, encouraged me in this my purpose. My uncle Benjamin, too, approved it, and proposed to give me his short hand volumes of sermons, to set up with, if I would learn his shorthand. I continued, however, at the grammar school rather less than a year, though in that time I had risen gradually from the middle of the class of that year to be at the head of the same class, and was removed into the next class, whence I was to be placed in the third at the end of the year.

But my father with a numerous family, was unable without inconvenience to support the expense of a college education. Considering, moreover, as he said to one of his friends in my presence, the little encouragement that line of life afforded to those educated for it, he gave up his first intentions, took me from the grammar school, and sent me to a school for writing and arithmetic, kept by that famous man, Mr. George Bromwell. He was a skillful master and successful in his profession, employing the mildest and most encouraging methods. Under him I learned to write a good

hand pretty soon; but I failed entirely in arithmetic. At ten years old I was taken to help my father in his business."

Franklin never attended school after this time. But if he did not go to school, his education was not neglected. He tells us that he was passionately fond of reading; the number and variety of the books he read is astonishing. Although he could not learn arithmetic when in school, perhaps owing to his extreme youth, yet at the age of sixteen he took up the subject, "being," as he says, "on some occasion made ashamed of my ignorance in figures, which I had twice failed in learning, when at school, I took Crocker's book on arithmetic and went through the whole by myself with the greatest ease." His account of his life at this time is very interesting. His extensive reading had made him well informed on a variety of subjects, and the printers' trade, which he had adopted, gave him an opportunity of learning to write correctly and to have some of his articles printed. At seventeen he went from his native city, Boston, to Philadelphia. Here, at the age of twenty-one, he set up in business as a printer and two years later became editor and publisher of a paper, THE PENNSYLVANIA GAZETTE. As we cannot recount all the interesting experiences of his youth, neither can we follow him in his prosperous business career. Let it suffice to say that his success was based on his industry and frugality, virtues that he acquired in youth and practiced throughout his life. He also exercised the most rigid temperance in eating

and drinking, never drinking beer and abstaining entirely for long periods of time from the use of flesh meats, or, as he puts it, he kept several cents most strictly, leaving the common diet for that (a vegetable diet) and that for the common, abruptly, without the least inconvenience," He did all this without any supernatural motive whatever, thus showing us that what the Church advises for our spiritual good, is for our temporal good as well.

Franklin took every opportunity of inculcating these virtues in the people. It would be well for the present generation if his POOR RICHARD'S ALMANAC were read and its precepts followed. If the teachings of Franklin were observed by the individual, the masses, the people would be industrious, frugal, and temperate, and, as a consequence, suffering and poverty would be greatly reduced.

At the age of forty-two, Franklin did something unheard of in our day—retired from business, because he considered his fortune, which would seem small for us, to be large enough to support him during the remainder of his life. His real usefulness to his country now began. He says, "When I had disengaged myself, as above mentioned, from my private business, I flattered myself that, by the sufficient though moderate fortune I had acquired, I had found leisure during the rest of my life for philosophical studies and amusements. I purchased all Dr. Spence's apparatuses, who had come from England to lecture in Philadelphia, and I proceeded in my electrical experi-

ments with great alacrity; but the public, now considering me as a man of leisure, laid hold of me for their purposes; every part of our civil government, and almost at the same time, imposing some duty upon me. The governor put me into the commission of the peace; the corporation of the city chose me one of the common council, and soon after alderman; and the citizens at large elected me a burgess to represent them in the assembly..... I would not, however, insinuate, that my ambition was not flattered by all these promotions: it certainly was, for, considering my low beginning, they were great things to me; and they were still more pleasing, as being so many spontaneous testimonies of the public good opinion, and by me entirely unsolicited." The repeated unsought re-elections to testify that he performed his public duties in a manner pleasing to his constituents. Later on he was appointed agent for Pennsylvania to the court of England and also represented several other colonies. He spent most of his time during the twenty years preceding the Revolutionary war as his county's representative at the British Court. Shortly before the beginning of hostilities he returned to America, was elected a member of the Continental Congress, and served on the committee that drafted the Declaration of Independence. During the Revolutionary war he represented the United States at the French Court. After signing the treaty of peace he returned to the United States and served three years as president (governor) of the state of Pennsylvania, and was one of the representatives of that

state in the Constitutional Convention. The able manner in which he acquitted himself of the duties of this exalted position is known to every one; it is a glorious chapter in our country's history.

Notwithstanding his many public duties, he managed to find time for study and philosophical research, and took advantage of every occasion that presented itself to assist his fellow men. His "Proposals Relating to the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania" would make interesting reading for any college student. Here are a few of his HINTS, which might be considered, from their nature, as emanating from the rector of one of our modern American Catholic colleges.

"It is proposed, that the boarding scholars diet together, plainly, temperately, and frugally.

That, to keep them in health, and to strengthen and render active their bodies, they be frequently exercised in running, leaping, wrestling and swimming.

That they have peculiar habits to distinguish them from other youth, if the academy be in or near the town, among other reasons that their behavior may be the better observed."

Benjamin Franklin was essentially a religious man, though of the latitudinarian school. His speech in the Constitutional Convention in favor of having prayer every morning before proceeding to business, shows his firm belief in God and trust in Divine Providence. He says, "I have lived a time; and the longer I live, the more convincing proofs I see of this truth, "THAT GOD GOVERNS IN THE AFFAIRS OF MEN." Many interesting

things might be said regarding his religious views; but as this sketch has exceeded its proper limits no more appropriate conclusion can be found for it than the following paragraph from Spark's Life of Franklin.

“The strong and distinguishing features of his mind were sagacity, quickness of perception, and soundness of judgment, His imagination was lively, without being extravagant. In short, he possessed a perfect mastery over the faculties of his understanding and over his passions. Having this power always at command, and never being turned aside either by variety or selfishness, he was enabled to pursue his objects with a directness and constancy, that rarely failed to insure success. It was as fortunate for the world, as it was for his own fame, that the benevolence of such a man was limited only by his means and opportunities of doing good, and that in every sphere of action through a long course of years, his single aim was to promote the happiness of his fellow men by enlarging their knowledge, improving their condition, teaching them practical lessons of wisdom and prudence, and inculcating the principles of rectitude and the habits of a virtuous life.”

JOHN F. COGAN, '96.


THE ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGIAN

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

DURING THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR

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EDITORIAL.

To all our friends and patrons a merry Christmas and an abundance of God's blessings for the new year.

Though the Christmas vacation is but short, it is nevertheless anticipated with more pleasure than the summer vacation as every student will at-

test. One's expectation of the joys of a Christmas celebration at home is always realized.

The sweet and significant word Christmas is once more on the lips of young and old. It is so sweet and charming that for nearly two thousand years millions of hearts have throbbed with love and delight whenever it is uttered. Ah! what visions of heavenly bliss and earthly joy does Christmas suggest! Children's hearts beat with love for the beautiful Child Jesus and our souls, too, are filled with mingled feelings of wonder, pity, and exultation at the sight of the Child in the manger! Ah! what a sublime lesson of innocence and humility are we here taught. This scene alone should impress us strongly enough to live a life of childlike innocence and humility for love of the Divine Child. Let us take to heart the salutation and hymn of the angels on that sublimely peaceful and glorious night: "Glory be to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will!"

We hardly know how to express our appreciation and gratitude to Father Meissner, for his comprehensive and philosophic lecture on Shakespeare. It was a treat which none of us will ever forget. We all knew Father Meissner by hearsay as a close student of the bard of Avon, but we did not expect him to be an actor of so great natural and artistic abilities as he has shown himself to be. We publish the first part of the lecture in our present number and shall insert the two remaining parts

in our subsequent issues. We only wish the words on paper would in any way convey the warmth and force of expression with which they were uttered.

Ambition is the mother of success. It has achieved many of the great feats and enterprises we read of in history. Nowhere is it more praiseworthy than if found in a student, but even he must not lose control of it, for it is very dangerous if not checked by righteousness and good judgment as history will also abundantly prove. A student's ambition is only in so far dangerous as it tends to introduce a vice into his mind, which is as despicable as ambition is commendable. It is the vice of hatred against a class-mate who obtains a higher note than you. Younger students should especially beware of any ill feeling toward a fellow-student on account of his greater success, which superior talent or closer application have honestly earned for him. They should bear in mind that such feeling is not becoming a gentleman and positive hatred or dislike is very sinful and attended with discord and enmity if manifested publicly.

How must essays on books and their authors be written? When is a student of literature well acquainted with an author and his works? These questions can not be quite definitely and accurately answered but one may point out when an essay is faultily composed and when it fails to show that the writer understands the work he undertakes to criticise.

In examining a work one must primarily seek

to grasp the object or objects of the writer and the exact nature of the matter treated. It is of more importance to comprehend the ideas contained and the exact meaning which an author attaches to his expressions, than to note the beauties and faults of his diction or the peculiarities of his imagination. One would not call the literary essay of a student who is supposed to study the works of authors at least as much for the psychological, moral, and scientific truths contained as for their beauties of style and imagination a creditable review, if he would only quote a phrase or two, and thereby show that he appreciates felicity of expression. A thorough knowledge of an author—and this must be the aim of a student of literature—is evinced by an essay, which grasps the general purpose of a work and the causes and grounds upon which the author builds his theories and out of which the plot or development of a theme proceeds. In other words, a comprehensive and lucid exposition of the purpose, plan, and substance of a work reveals a better understanding of an author and determines his worth and eminence in literature more accurately than a discourse on his real or imaginary faults of diction. If we make it our endeavor to observe his mode of reasoning and notice every shade of thought, his style as well as the beauty and grandeur of his imagination, and the tenderness and power of his emotions cannot escape our attention since thoughts and emotions present themselves in the dress of style.

EXCHANGES.

Mr. Sullivan of the PURPLE staff evidently believes in a more substantial pabulum than moonshine aliment. As a verbal architect he is scarce inferior to the genial Elia himself. We read his article with a relish akin to that imparted by the "life, soul, and substance of the Christmas dinner." Fred Sweet takes occasion to boast the Prince of Essayists a few notches in public estimation. "A Story" is out of the common rut and well written; less paddling would have enhanced it considerably. Harry Craigie, its author, has also a poem of good sentiment, expressed in clean cut metre.

Like the friends of Dr. Heidegger in Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," THE ST. MARY'S SENTINEL has received an infusion of youthful vigor after its countenance had begun to be disfigured by crows-feet and divers other advance agents that Old Age sends ahead to herald its coming. The improved tone of the Sentinel is owing, we apprehend, to its frank avowal of mediocrity, made at the beginning of the year. Now that they have shaken off all encumbrances we may expect better results from the powers that be in the Sentinel sanctum. The space allotted to the editorials is well used, save for the one pertaining to football. It is the tendency of writers on this barbarous game to fuse a little spirit with a few venerable comparisons between it and bull-fighting etc. and then to fondly imagine that they have ren-

dered their position tenable. Such editorials are in reality more soulless than a stove in August. Of the poems we remember of having seen in the Sentinel, "From of Yore" is the best. The first and third stanzas especially are praiseworthy.

A note of jubilation and reminiscence is the dominant one in the November CHIMES. In these halcyon days of progress, albeit that it is on questionable lines, there are few who teach the trick of introspection with so much eloquence as does His Grace of Peoria in this number. Long since brother Azarias wrote that, "only in proportion as you digest and assimilate to your own thoughts what you read do you acquire genuine knowledge." In Bishop Spalding's "Address to the Alumnae," thoroughness and pointedness conjoin to make an ideal essay on the subject. If we ever learn to "know ourselves" instead of wildly endeavoring to keep up with the passing show, the transition will be owing, in great part, to warnings such as this of Dr. Spalding.

And may there be joy in all sanctums and no call for "copy" during yule-tide.

THOS. TRAVERS, '99.

BOOK REVIEWS.

A month or two ago the enterprising and popular firm of Benziger Brothers published a number of prayer-books which should meet with favor throughout the English speaking world. Of these we have noticed THE ILLUSTRATED PRAYERBOOK FOR CHILDREN in our November number.

OUR FAVORITE NOVENAS is a complete collection of the best novenas. They are for almost every possible occasion and applicable for every devotion. It is divided into four parts. The first embraces all novenas pertaining to the feasts of our Lord, the second, those relating to the Blessed Virgin; the third part is made up of novenas to the Angels and Saints. The book has a great variety of devotions and contains the most necessary prayers for Mass, Confession, Communion, etc., and the Vespers of Sundays. Edited by Very Rev. Dean Lings.

MISSION BOOK OF THE REDEMPTORIST FATHERS. Entirely new and complete edition. Price 50 cents to \$2.50 according to binding.

MISSION BOOK FOR THE MARRIED. A valuable collection of prayers and instructions for married people. Price 50 cents and above.

MISSION BOOK FOR THE SINGLE. A book of prayers and instructions which should be in the hands of young people. Price 50 cents.

LITTLE CHILD OF MARY. A beautiful prayer book for children. Price 35 cents and more according to binding.

Two very beautiful and meritorious stories have lately been published by Benziger Brothers. They are written by Mary F. Waggaman.

BUZZERS' CHRISTMAS is the story of two children who start in care of a good-natured but ignorant servant woman, to spend Christmas with their grandmother. By a mischance they find themselves, at the end of their journey, in the house of a perfect stranger. This person, an old

woman, is living by herself, having closed her doors and her heart against her only son and his wife. How both are opened through the influence of "Buzzer" will be found by reading the book. It is a book filled with delightful pathos, and must add vastly to the author's reputation and meet with a large sale, especially as the publishers offer it at the very low price of 25 cents.

TOM'S LUCK POT is the story of a boy, the son of a bankrupt merchant, who sacrifices his pride in order to bring some small additional comforts to his mother and his little brother and sister. In doing this, he is made unconsciously the instrument by which great good is effected, much wrong is righted, and a stray sheep brought back to the fold. Mrs. Waggaman shows no little dramatic power in some of the situations, and her story, we believe, is sure to find a large circle of readers. The price is only 50 cents.

The books are gotten up in a style which must prove highly attractive to young people, "Tom's Luck Pot" having a beautiful illuminated cover on which is depicted a thrifty scene from the story.

THE PORTRAIT CATALOGUE OF CATHOLIC AUTHORS, which Benziger Brothers have issued is a very handsome and interesting work. The publishers are willing to send it to anyone applying for it.

We have received an epic poem of merit and originality entitled THE WORST BOY IN SCHOOL by J. M. McCaffery. Publishers are G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. Price 75 cents.

The story is that of a boy who is about to be

expelled from school for general misdemeanor. He is not wicked at heart, however, and well loved by his school-mates. We are pleasantly surprised; when a boy, whom he once saved from drowning, asks to be expelled in his stead. The worthy principal is moved to pity by the Little Fellow, and The Worst Boy in school is allowed to remain. This encourages the Boy to study his lessons instead of playing tricks, and at the end of the year he gets a medal "for good conduct, hard study, observance of rule". The story is very pleasant and instructive reading for boys —and girls, too. The verse is smooth and at times felicitous. Some young fellow may be induced to write verse on reading this smoothly running poem, and another epic of a like nature may be the result. The book is handsomely bound and has an illustration on every one of its fifty-nine pages.

THE MINIM BUILDING.

The first gravel-walk on the College grounds, terminating formerly at an old fence that was never reached by visitors, now leads to the main entrance of the stately Minim Building erected this fall. The completion of the pavement connecting the new structure with the main building has opened the former to the expectant throng of young students, and given the latter a dignified character. This walk, it is fondly hoped, is but the first radius in the circle of similar edifices that

will environ the old building and invest it with the atmosphere of pioneer days.

The new structure is three stories high and is furnished with Bedford stone facing, and in all tallies well with the main building. Perhaps the best proof that the interior, however, is even superior to its handsome sister institution, is the fact that four Rev. professors have already made it their permanent abode.

Eight rooms on the first floor are exclusively assigned for the practice of music. Besides these apartments, there are a spacious recreation room, a study-hall, dormitory, recitation-rooms, a reading-room, or society-hall, and a parlor for visitors. The wires for electric light have been laid through out the house, and it is only a question of time when this improvement will make the furnishing of the building complete.

With Father Bonaventure as their director, the minims have a prefect that will govern with kindness and inculcate habits of neatness and politeness, while as teacher they will possess in him an enthusiastic and successful instructor.

The indomitable energy of our Rev. Rector has accomplished wonderful success in the building up of Collegeville; may he live to crown his work by the erection of a separate College chapel.

P. SAILER, '98.

THE FLOWER OF SICILY.

The German Literary Society scored a complete success on the evening of the feast of the Immaculate Conception by the highly creditable rendition of their first play this year, ST. VITUS, or DIE BLUME VON SIZILIEN.

This play, written by J. Molitor in verse and tranposed by Rev. P. Trost, C. PP. S., into prose, contains much of the classic beauty, as well as devout sentiment, of Wiseman's *Fabiola*. The action of the play takes us successively to Syracuse, to Rome, to the seacoast of Sicily, thence to the mountains, and finally to the prison of Agrigentum, where St. Vitus is favored with wonderful apparitions. In this scene an angelic choir sings the "Invicte Martyr Unicum," whose words fall like heavenly grace upon our hearts. We catch the heart-uplifting inspiration of G. Dore's famous painting representing martyred Christians lying in the amphitheatre at night amid prowling beasts and hovering angels.

The players all seemed to have been thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the time and place of their action. Mr. D. Brackmann, as Vitus, acted the part of a saint that has learned to despise this world and covet the palm of martyrdom. His voice was attuned alternately to the harp of the captive Jews on the banks of Babylon and to the lyre of David singing the triumphs of Sion. Mr. Weyman as Modestus, the hermit, and Mr. Faist as

Hylas, the senator, had very difficult parts to perform, but their impersonations were exact, and elicited much favorable comment. For clever stage-acting and drawing on all the histrionic art, Messrs. Hartjens and Heimbürger, as school-comrades of Vitus, were a success. Mr. Hartjens deserves special praise for his impressive apparition in the last scene. Certainly everyone hated Mr. Kuhnmuëch, as Furius Bassus, for his villainous intrigues against Vitus and for his Mephistophelian scoffing and laughter, and yet he received the lion's share of the applause. Masters A. Schuette and H. Kalvelage surprised all by their extraordinary capabilities for dramatic talent. The toga of Hermogenes, the prefect, could not have been placed upon better shoulders than upon the Alpine stature of Mr. Heinrich. The praises of the other players are still on the lips of many.

The Tableau was the grandest ever given at Collegeville. High in the clouds stood St. Vitus, while his guardian angel, represented by Mr. Seroczynski, was crowning him with the diadem of martyrdom. To the right of Vitus stood Modestus, holding the palm of victory. Many whom Vitus had converted were also present, while little gold-winged Raphaellesque angels, Masters M. Peelle and Ch. Hemsteger, peering over the clouds, capped the climax of the beautiful scene.

The play was, in effect, like a ten days' mission.

All praise is due to the untiring energy of Father Clement, the Rev. Moderator of the St. B. L. S.

JOHN STEINBRUNNER, '98.

A SUCCESS.

Thanksgiving day at the College was a holiday and a success from beginning to end. At eight o'clock Highmass was celebrated by one of our guests, Rev. F. Faust of Ege, Ind.

Soon after the clash of arms and martial strains of music echoing from the armory and stealing up the different stairways attracted a goodly number of visitors to the basement. The walls of the hall were rich in their holiday attire.

The boys executed the manual and the fancy drills, among which were several new display movements, with their old-time vim and precision. At the conclusion of this program, Major Kuenle together with his staff and various companies received unbounded praise from Father Romer. Rev. F. Faust dwelled on the positive advantages to be derived from the organization.

At dinner the good Sisters, to whom we doff our hats in respectful and grateful recognition, had placed Herculean tasks in the form of mammoth turkeys before the boys. The soldiers, to a man, fought like tigers.

The cynosure of attention, however, was the students' banquet in the evening. A new feature was introduced in our Thanksgiving celebration last year, when the College Battalion played the hosts in the evening at the long remembered military banquet. Happily it was not destined to be the last of its kind.

The senior students of this year were not to be outdone by the graduates of '97. A mass meeting was called, a committee on arrangements was appointed, and the success was soon foreseen. Promptly at 5:30 the doors of the north-side dining-hall were thrown open, and the students filed in. The members of the Faculty and the visiting clergy were now conducted to their places. Within the scene was a pretty one. Bright lights shone with pleasing effect upon the walls festooned in tasteful profusion. The tables were laden by waiters in spotless white. It was not long before activities became general along the line. Full justice having been done to all the many good things, Father Benedict rose in a happy mood to act as toastmaster.

Rev. P. Meissner spoke on toasts in general. Rev. B. Hammer, O. S. F., related an episode of a Thanksgiving dinner in his student days. Father Berg's remarks on "smoking the turkey" were received with the greatest applause. Messrs. Weyman, Hordeman, Seroczynski, and Travers all responded to the call in a genial vein.

Grace was then said, and all repaired to the College Hall to enjoy the intellectual banquet of Rev. H. Meissner, an account of whose lecture is given elsewhere in these columns.

F. T. S., '99.

SOCIETY NOTES.

MARIAN SOCIETY. At the meeting of the prefects and secretary together with the Rev.

Moderator held Sunday, December 5, the consultants were appointed. They are:

Joseph Kohne,	Cantus Faist;
Edward Schneider,	Leander Linz,
William Arnold,	Earnest Hefele,
John Reifers,	Sylvester Hartman,
John Morris,	Blase Witteman.

On the same day the sodality directorium approved of the names of nearly fifty candidates. These were solemnly admitted on the feast of the Immaculate Conception.

The ALOYSIAN LITERARY SOCIETY has but satisfactory notes this time. In the first place, its growth has been considerable, the number of its members having increased from sixteen of 'last year to a roll of forty to-day.

On Sunday, November 21st, 1897, the society had its quarterly election. The following are the officers:

President	- - - -	G. Diefenbach.
Vice-President	- - - -	R. F. Peelle.
Secretary	- - - -	H. Kalvelage.
Treasurer	- - - -	Eug. Schweitzer.
Librarian	- - - -	Wm. Laibe.
Editor	- - - -	Jno. Wessel.
Executive Committee	- -	Thos. Thienes.
"	" - -	Jno. Hatfield.
"	" - -	Ed. Kiely.
Marshall	- - - -	Geo. Jeffers.

The Aloysians are in possession of a new reading-room and, as was expected, it is well frequented. It is now in order for the friends of the Aloysians to remember the new sanctum with suitable rugs and pictures.

Regarding its literary work the society is very

active. Programs are regularly held every fortnight, and great interest is exhibited. At present the society is rehearsing a promising drama, "The Lost Heir," which will be rendered upon the return from Xmas vacation.

The society's library is well patronized and is fast increasing. About twenty-five new volumes will be added to our books about New Year.

JNO. WESSEL, Editor.

COLLEGE ITEMS.

We are grieved to state that for more than a week Father Mark is confined to his bed by a serious illness. Our cherished professor has the deepest sympathy and condolence of every student at St. Joseph's. We wish him a speedy recovery and sincerely hope that he will be enabled to enjoy the approaching Christmas tide in the best of health.

Now that "The Christmas bells from hill to hill answer each other in the mist", we extend our wishes for a genuine enjoyment of the coming weeks abounding with pure and unparalleled pleasures to all our readers, friends, and patrons.

Father Benedict's Latin class, having gone through the rules of prosody and translated several books of Virgil's Aeneid, are now receiving a thorough drill and last review of Syntax.

Don't you say that geology is of no use. The class has of late made a grand discovery. On learning that the age of stones is judged by their hardness, some one has forwarded the theory that

our genial prefect in the south-side study-hall is a creation of the peliosaic age, judging from the hardness of his heart. Faustin says, "much might be said on either side of the question."

It is comforting now at Collegeville to look out of the window on a cold winter evening and behold another building all illumined where before all was dismal waste.

About thirty students came near being paralyzed the other day in the basement. Cullen rushed into the harmless crowd saying: "Snyder just attempted to strike a match on Horst, when I beat the soul of my shoe with a leadpencil." Mr. Cullen's Christmas joys are spoiled, as his fair head is now all plastered up.

There always has existed at the College a strict prohibition against reading newspapers in the study-hall. A prepossessing young man from Missouri it appears now has effected a modification of the rule. The fact became known one evening when the prefect raised his head and said: "Put that paper away, Reid, in your desk."

A pretty play was recently enacted before the College. Big Bismark was seen coming from the distant field with a large rabbit in his jaws, and when he came near little Popsy appeared on the scene. The proud St. Bernhard now dropped the hare which scampered off towards the fields. In a jiffy the little dog went after it and brought it back in triumph amid the applause of the bystanders.

At the last meeting of the C. L. S. Mr. J. Boeke was elected editor of the Columbian in lieu

of Mr. Ersing, who resigned because overwork drove the fun out of him.

The results of the competitive drills of companies A and B will be given in the next number. Mr. Reichert is now captain of company B and, judging from the exhibition drill on Thanksgiving day, his men, the Walz Cadets, bid fair to hold the banner another year.

Time and again Laibe had been reminded that football practices are now out of season, but the doughty player stoutly maintained the expediency of his course. It has now transpired that he is preparing to make rushes for the big bargains during Christmas week.

"The military organization is a good thing," observed Wechter in one of his speeches, "it ought to be established in every family.

Mr. Franklin was no slow coach when he said that "Time is Klondike." So all agreed when our Rev. Prefect announced fifteen minutes extra in the morning for "snoozing."

The minims are all stuck up since they took their mucilage over to the new building.

"Fit via vi, rumpunt aditus, primosque trucidant." They form a tandem, break through the line, and kill the tackles. How is Virgil as a football captain?

The second Geometry class came radiant from the room the other morning. Father Clement had just informed them that for the month of November they hold the record for the highest class average, 95 4-11 per cent, ever attained by his scholars.

"Well, Werling, how did you enjoy skating?"

“Don’t mention it. I saw all the comets so much spoken about during the last month.” “Here, have a seat.” “Get away. I’ve been sitting the most of the afternoon.”

HONORARY MENTION.

The names of those students that have made an average of 90 per cent or above in all their classes and have not fallen below 90 per cent in conduct and application, during the month of November, appear in the first column.

The second column contains the names of those that have reached an average of 84 per cent in all their classes with at least 84 per cent in conduct and application.

90 per cent or above:

Th. Brackmann, D. Brackmann, Ch. Daniel, H. Fehrenbach, Ch. Frey, S. Hartman, G. Heinrich, A. Hierholzer, L. Hoch, H. Hoerstman, L. Huber, Z. Jaekle, X. Jaeger, J. Kohne, S. Kremer, V. Krull, J. Mutch, D. Neuschwanger, Ch. Rohrkemper, E. Rumely, M. Schmitter, E. Schneider, V. Schuette, A. Schuette, H. Seiferle, J. Seitz, P. Staiert, J. Steinbrunner, Th. Travers, Ch. Uphaus, L. Walther, E. Werling, B. Wittemann.

84 per cent or above:

W. Arnold, P. Biegel, J. Boeke, F. Boeke, E. Cullen, L. Dabbelt, E. Deininger, G. Didier, F. Ersing, A. Fleig, E. Hefele, Ch. Hemsteger, F. Hoerst, B. Holler, O. Holtschneider, W. Hordeman, M. Koester, L. Linz, H. Lueke, J. Mayer, J. Meyer, J. Morris, V. Muench, E. Poggemann, H. Plas, I. Rapp, L. Rausch, H. Reichert, H. Reid, J. Reifers, Ch. Rock, P. Sailer, F. Seroczynski, B. Staiert, G. Sudhoff, F. Theobald, E. Wills.

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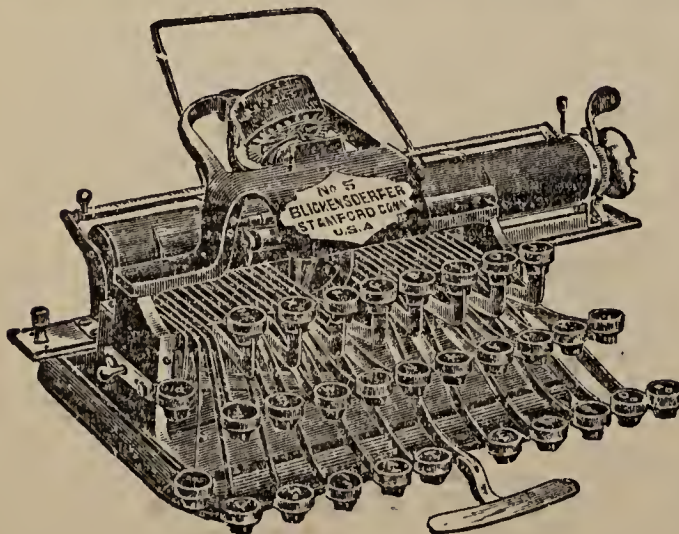
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